responded with evident high tension. "But quick, Man, get me a weapon of some kind!"

"But there isn't a weapon of any kind in the launch," protested Masterson.

"Then—then can't you make up a torch—some oil rags on the end of a stick?"

"What on earth or in the treetops for?" persisted the puzzled Masterson.

"Never mind—to see something. My Heavens, Man! don't stop to ask questions!" came from Holmes with suppressed nervous strain.

Masterson went to search the lockers for cotton waste, under the impression that Holmes must have become slightly demented. Meanwhile, Miss Cumnock had overheard part of the discussion, and was moved to seek further enlightenment. She mounted the seat in the stern of the launch, having picked up a boathook that she thought might serve Holmes' purpose. From that point of vantage she could gain a better view of his position than had Masterson. What she saw at first was Holmes bending low and motionless on the tree limb, nearly overhead and almost within reach of her hand.

"Jack! Jack!!" she called. "What are you doing up there? Why are you acting so strangely?"

At the sound of her voice he very slightly turned his head and thrust out a hand with a backward motion.

"Go away—please go back under cover, Olive!" he urged with begging insistence.

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" she retorted. "I will not be ordered to go away!"

"My God!" fell from his lips with a groan. "Olive—for your life do what I say! Masterson, look out there! We're up against—"

SHE was startled by a subdued growl of cavernous depth, and the weighing downward of the tree limb as if being traversed by a heavy body. Then against the dark background of foliage blazed out two balls of green fire, flashing and changing to a yellow tint. They slowly advanced to within a couple of feet of Holmes, being separated from him by the insignificant screen of a small branch. Then loomed upon her horrified vision the crouching bulk of a tiger, creeping cautiously, as if uncertain that the creaking limb would support his weight further. In another moment he had lowered his immense head and stretched it around the branch, presumably with the object of seizing Holmes.

A cry of despair came from Miss Cumnock's lips, and at the same time she lifted the boathook and wildly, utterly without thought or reason except Jack's imminent peril, struck the beast again and again directly in the face. The seeming result would have been to bring the tiger at a single leap into the launch; but her hits fell on the most sensitive part of his anatomy, the nose, and with a snarl of pain the beast scrambled back, to miss his insecure foothold, and fell with a tremendous splash into the water. The limb of the tree, thus released from the tiger's weight, shot upward and relieved itself also of Holmes' burden by tossing him to the awning of the launch.

Followed then confusion in the launch, out of which Masterson recollects only these facts: In response to frantic shouts from Holmes, he rushed to Miss Cumnock's assistance, to find her belaboring the paw of the tiger with her broken boathook. On recovering from his sudden immersion, the enraged beast had turned with the object of boarding the launch, and secured a grip upon the gunwale. The weight of it had drawn the launch over, and the beast's teeth in his wide-open jaws gleamed over the side. All hands sprang into the fight with whatever weapons could be snatched up at such a desperate emergency; but with a result that reached entirely into the problematical.

THEN a strange and unexpected thing happened. Suddenly the tiger lost his hold and sank beneath the water. In another moment he came to the surface, giving vent to a terrific roar which shook the fastnesses of the jungle. From the launch tense faces beheld his supple body doubled up and engaged in a titanic conflict with another huge form that threshed the water into muddy foam with its powerful tail.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Holmes in awe-inspired accents. "He's been grabbed by a crocodile!"

For a time there was fear that the fighting beasts would overwhelm the launch in their death struggle; but the tiger gradually gained a footing in the mud and drew his enemy after him into the underbrush. From that region of sinister blackness could still be heard the tiger's muffled roars and snarls of rage, the snapping of immense jaws, and the rending of small trees as if they were saplings. In a little these sounds grew fainter, sinking into the gasps of monster-departing breaths; then again fell the silence.

MASTERSON found immediate occupation in trying to reassure Mrs. Cumnock; but he thought he heard someone crying softly that she "hadn't meant," etc., and Holmes consoling "the pluckiest girl on earth." And when Holmes proposed to climb along that tree limb for assistance, the someone would have none of it, declaring she was going to take care of him forever. Therefore Masterson judged that Holmes had surmounted his crisis and his climax with flying colors.

In the sequence of events the next incident was the flaming of lamps on the bank of the nullah, and a sahib's voice hailing the launch.

"Is that Masterson? Well, one of your servants reached my place, and said you were shipwrecked here. From the look of things, there seems to have been rather a fight—a tiger and a crocodile dead in each other's jaws, by Jove!"

"Rather a fight? Rather a convulsion in the animal kingdom, you mean!" retorted Holmes.

"Ah! It does seem so. And a very fine tiger. I'll—"

"Yes; but hold on," cried Holmes. "That is Miss Cumnock's tiger. I claim the skin as her prize. It was her act that started his end."

"Oh, very well," replied the voice from the bank. "I'll instruct my people to take care of it for her."

OF how the party were taken from the launch and spent the rest of the night at their rescuer's house need not be gone into in detail. But a few days later at the Chowringhee Club, when Masterson and Holmes were discussing the procedure of a forthcoming event at the cathedral, Masterson wanted to know how Holmes came to face the tiger.

"As I said," explained Holmes, "I went up there to try and find a way out of our predicament. I hadn't crept along the limb half a dozen yards when I saw the tiger coming outward. First it became a question of trying to prevent alarming the women."

"And after that?" put in Masterson.

"Heaven knows! To save them at any risk, I guess. Since the launch was stuck fast, and you hadn't any weapons, that is why I wanted a torch. Fire will generally scare any beast. You see, if he had jumped into the launch—"

"It would have been all up with us," added Masterson. "I wonder what people will say to my being best man to the fellow who wins such a girl? You ought to have one of the Viceroy's aide-de-camps."

"Your turn will come next in the leading part," laughed Holmes, slapping Masterson on the shoulder, "and mine to help you out with a picnic—excepting the tiger."

HOW I EARNED MY FIRST DOLLAR

By JAMES S. SHERMAN

Vice President of the United States

DO I remember how I earned my first dollar? Yes, and I have a vivid recollection of the manner in which I spent it, too. That experience stands out like a milestone in my boyhood's memory, because of the fact that a dollar in those days was as big as a cartwheel. I was only ten years old at the time, and the feeling of proud achievement that possessed me when I had finished that three weeks' arduous work has never been equaled through the intervening years.

I was raised on a farm, and this was by no means my first work. Everyone knows who has lived on a farm that the work of a choreboy is never finished. But the period of three weeks wherein I held my first paying job made a distinct impression upon me. It increased my self respect, and made me feel that I was an important factor in the workaday world.

As I look back now, in memory, I feel again the exultation that came upon me when I realized that my services were at last appreciated; that what I was told to do would not be looked upon as a duty I owed in being a member of the family. On the contrary, I was to be paid for doing the thing that I might have been commanded to do, and I felt the pride of being valued as a necessary cog in the wheel of agriculture. What matter if the wages were small? They were sufficient to awaken in me the desire to earn my way, and gave me a sense of personal responsibility that nothing before that time had done.

I worked for three weeks leading a horse from a hayfork, and was given the munificent sum of one dollar and fifty cents for my labor. They did not do their haying then as they do now, with the more improved methods of agriculture. They raked the hay into windrows with a one-horse hayrake, and after it was loaded on the wagon it was hauled to the barn and lifted into the haymow by the horse fork, which was fastened to one end of the rope operated through pulleys at the top of the barn. To the other end of this rope the old gray mare was hitched, and I would lead her back and forth as the fork-fills were hoisted into the haymow.

By beginning at six o'clock in the morning and working until eight at night, we could put six loads of hay into the barn. It was real work too, in which we all took active part. The weather was very hot, as it always is in haying time, and the men therefore had to drink plenty of water and sometimes buttermilk. Being the only boy on the job, I was appointed the committee on drinks.

One of my earliest acrobatic feats I learned to perform when watching the farm hands drink water out of a jug. This is still done in the same old way where jugs are used. Of course I tried to imitate my elders without their strength, and began by swinging the empty jug to my shoulder, when no one would see me, until I considered myself an expert. The bottom of the jug rested upon my upturned elbow, and my two fingers were thrust through the handle, a feat easy enough to accomplish when the jug was empty; but when it was full it was quite a different matter.

It was at this early period that I formed my love for the ball game: not as it is played today, but the simple and less complicated game of one old cat and two old cat. This was before the days of regulation ball. One old cat could be played by three players—a pitcher, a catcher, and a batter—while two old cat required four.

At noon when resting for an hour after dinner, during haying season, I was drafted into the service by the two men in order to make up the quota for one old cat; and, though I did very little batting, the honor of playing the game with men, with the added distinction of being paid for my work, at this period of my fortunes, was enough to transform me from boyhood to manhood in my mental feelings and pride, and made this epoch of my life preëminent.

Then came the temptation to spend the fortune that I had earned by the sweat of my brow. There was never a more propitious time for having a nestegg than the week following my payday. A circus had been advertised at a town twelve miles distant, and I knew that I should be there. By walking four miles, I could get a train to take me the rest of the distance; but the idea of spending any part of that one dollar and fifty cents for transportation never entered my mind. I walked the whole distance.

It was a day never to be forgotten. How those sideshows with their energetic spielers did tempt me! The clowns and bareback riders were drawing cards, to be sure; but the peanuts, cocoanut candy, and circus lemonade were my undoing. I remember that I was so ill I had to lie down by the roadside many times on that twelve-mile journey home. It was not necessary for me to walk, either,—I had enough left for my carfare,—but I remembered that I had earned my money like a man, I had spent it like a man, and now I was going to take my medicine like a man.

How good that hard ground felt to me as I lay there waiting for my strength to return that I might continue my journey; but never once did I regret the day's sport!

By JOHN W. KERN

United States Senator from Indiana

FROM 1854, when I was four years old, until 1864, when I was fourteen, I lived with my parents on a farm in the State of Iowa. Those were sure enough pioneer days; for during that ten-year period I never saw a railroad train.

We had a district school near our house, and it was a good one. Up to the winter of 1863 and '64 we had male teachers of the old-fashioned type, who "boarded around" among the patrons of the school, and did their own janitor work in making fires and caring for the little one-room school house on the prairie. But that winter there was a new departure. We were to be modernized. A young woman who had attended a normal school somewhere was employed, and the old-fashioned system was revolutionized. She declined to board around, and also required the township trustee to provide janitor service. The question then of interest to the boys of the neighborhood was as to who would get the job of making fires each morning and keeping the schoolhouse clean. Bids were received informally; and, while my bid may not have been the lowest, the trustee decided that as I lived nearest the schoolhouse I should have the job.

So I entered into a contract with that official to build a fire in the schoolhouse stove every morning at least an hour before the opening of school, and to sweep the floor at least once a day and oftener if necessary, and I was to receive the splendid sum of five cents for each school day, or twenty-five cents a week, or three dollars for the winter's work.

Every morning I had my breakfast before daylight, did my chores at home, then trudged to the schoolhouse, often through great snowdrifts, generally encountering bitter cold weather, and did my work to the satisfaction of the teacher and the trustee. At the end of the school term I received what seemed to me a vast sum,—three dollars.

I kept that money for a year or more, until I returned to the land where the locomotives whistled; and once there only a few lessons were needed to perfect me in the science of spending money, a science in which I have excelled even down to the present day.